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Miscellaneous.

The Wife of Kossuth.

SUCH a wife is worthy of so illustrious a husband; and such a husband of so noble a wife. In his Address to the People of the United States, written while an exile in Turkey, he thus speaks of her:—"At the moment when I hardly hoped for further consolation on earth, behold the God of Mercy freed my wife, and enabled her, through a thousand dangers, to reach me in my place of exile. Like a hunted deer, she could not for five months find in her own native land a place of rest. The executioners of the beardless Nero placed a reward upon her head, but she has escaped the tyrants. She was to me, and to my exiled countrymen, like the rainbow to Noah; for she brought intelligence of hope in the unshaken souls of the Hungarian people, and in the affectionate sympathy of the neighbouring nations who had fought against us. They had aided the wife of the much slandered governor of Hungary."

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At the present time, for many reasons, the following

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE of her escape will be read with interest. It is from the pen of a writer in Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

During the month of August, 1848 the President-Governor of Hungary, Louis Kossuth, with the principal officers of his provisional government, were in the fortified town of Arad on the river Maroseh. Between that place and the town of Zegadin, on the Tisch, in the vicinity of Arad, Georgey, with the Hungarian troops under his command, lay encamped; while behind him, towards the Tisch, was the Russian army of reserve, under Paskiewitch. Dembinski, with his men, besieged Temeswar, and he had already carried its third wall. Between him and the Tisch lay the united Austro-Russian forces. The army of Bem had been defeated at Hermanstadt by the Russian General Luders, and he had fled with a small band of faithful followers towards Temeswar.

With this position of the combatants, the plan of Dembinski was to unite

with Georgey near Arad, and then to attack the Russian force. Before this was effected, news reached him of the capitulation of Georgey, and that the Governor, M. Kossuth, had been compelled to forsake Arad, and retire to the town of Vilagos. Before leaving Arad, the Governor separated from his wife and children, and their parting scene is said to have been one of the most touching nature. Under the circumstances of the moment, it was a subject of more even than doubt whether they would ever again meet on earth. It was only when a young Hungarian nobleman, named Ashbot, now in exile in Kutayieh with M. Kossuth, solemnly swore to his wife that he would never leave her husband, that Madame Kossuth consented to be separated from him, and seek safety in flight. The children were confided to the care of a private secretary of the Governor, and this individual subsequently delivered them up to the tender mercies of Haynau, for the purpose of securing his own pardon and safety. The children set out before their mother, and the latter, in her flight, endeavoured to keep at least so near to them as to hear now and then of their safety.

Madame Kossuth sought out a brother of hers residing in the town of Vilagos, and he is now imprisoned in the fortress of Comorn, with many others of the unfortunate Hungarian patriots, for eighteen years, on account of the succor which he then gave to his sister. Leaving him, she next went in search of her children, and wandered to a *pesta*, or farm-house, of Boeksak, belonging to a relative. There she fell ill of a typhus fever, which nearly ended her life; and when so far recovered as to be able again to travel, she continued her journey in search of her children. She soon learned that they had been given up by their protector to the Austrian General Haynau, and taken to Pesth. Her own safety depended wholly upon the fidelity of the Hungarian peasants, and on their attachment to her husband.

Now, having no other object in view than her own safety, without friends better off than herself, she

soon became reduced to a state of complete destitution. In disguise she wandered over the most miserable part of Hungary. She even, as a means of safety, as well as support, sought for service as a servant, and by telling that she was a poor woman who had just been discharged from a public hospital — which, indeed, she very much resembled—was so fortunate as to find employment in the family of a humble carpenter, in the town of Orash Haya, who little thought he was served by the lady of Louis Kossuth, the late Governor of Hungary. Everywhere notices were exposed in the streets offering forty thousand florins for her capture, and proclaiming death as the punishment of the person who should dare to harbor or conceal her from the authorities.

Among the persons who fled with M. Kossuth before the overwhelming number of his enemies, was an elderly lady, whom it is necessary to designate as Madame L——, and who, from being unable to ride as fast and as long as those who were stronger and younger than herself, soon became exhausted, and was left behind. She had a son, a major in the Hungarian army, near the person of the Governor, and both the son and the mother were warmly attached to his interests. Madame L——, when unable to proceed longer with the fugitives, in order to reach a place of safety in the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, determined to remain in Hungary, and devote herself to the finding of Madame Kossuth, and restoring her to her husband.

For this benevolent purpose Madame L—— disguised herself as a beggar; and after a long and weary journey, oftener on foot than in any conveyance, she crossed the vast sandy plains of southern Hungary, and at length reached the place in which Kossuth's children were, but could hear nothing of their mother.

She learned that the children had been sent, soon after their mother had lost sight of them, to the house of General G——, now in the service of the Sultan in Syria, to be kept with his own three children, hoping that they would thus be screened from those

who sought after them. The eldest, named Louis, after his father, was seven years of age; and all were told that if they acknowledged they were the children of the Governor they would be imprisoned by the Austrians, and never see their parents again. So that when an Austrian officer traced them to the house of General G——, he was at a loss to know which of the children were those of General G——, and which those of M. Kossuth; and approaching the eldest of the latter, he said,—“So, my little man, you are the son of the Governor?” To which the youth replied, “I am not, sir.” His firmness surprised and vexed the officer, who was certain, from the statement of their betrayer, that those before him were the long-lost treasure of his ambitious search. He now endeavoured to frighten the children, and drawing a pistol, directed it to the breast of the boy, and said that if he did not at once acknowledge that he was the son of Kossuth, he would put a ball through his heart. Young Louis—who, it is said, shows himself, now in exile at Kutayah, much of the character of his father—replied in a tone equally firm: “I tell you, sir, I am not the son of Kossuth.” The officer, baffled by the child’s simplicity of manner and apparent sincerity, was divested of his convictions, and led to believe that he had been imposed upon.

But before Madame L—— could get near them, other agents of the Austrian government had been more successful, and the three children had been carried off in secret to Pesth, near the clutches of the butcher Haynau. The mother and sister of M. Kossuth had also been captured, and placed in strict confinement. It may be here mentioned, in this little narrative of the sufferings and deliverance of the relatives of Louis Kossuth, that Madame L——, on finding where and how his children were situated, found out her own maid-servant, and so succeeded as to have her engaged at Pesth as their nurse. This person never left them until the moment of their final deliverance from their Austrian jailers had arrived. After thus having provided for

the welfare of the children of M. Kossuth, Madame L—— renewed her search for the destitute, suffering mother.

Finding no trace of her, Madame L—— determined to follow the fugitives, and if she reached Widdin, to ascertain from M. Kossuth himself where his poor wife had gone, and then return in search of her. Continuing in the disguise of a beggar, sometimes on foot, at others in a farmer’s cart, this heroic woman reached the frontiers of Hungary, and crossing them, entered the fortified and walled town of Widdin, where the late Governor of Hungary, and his brave unfortunate companions then were, enjoying the protection and hospitality of the Sultan of Turkey. Madame L—— applied to M. Kossuth, but not being known to him personally, and the Austrian General having set so high a price on the capture of his wife, he at first regarded her in the light of an Austrian spy. Having, however, soon found her son, who had followed the Governor into Turkey, he readily convinced M. Kossuth of the identity of his mother. All the information which M. Kossuth could give her was, that there was a lady in Hungary in whose house he believed his wife would seek a refuge; and if she was not still there, this lady would most probably know where she was.

The Governor now furnished Madame L—— with a letter to this lady, and another with his own signet-ring for his wife, which would be evidence of her fidelity. It is not here necessary to follow Madame L—— on her toilsome journey. Devoted to the philanthropic work which she had undertaken, she wandered over the sandy steppes of Hungary, until she succeeded in reaching the little town in which the lady resided, and delivered to her M. Kossuth’s letter. This she read and immediately burned it, not daring even to allow it to exist in her possession. This lady informed Madame L—— that the wife of Governor Kossuth had left her residence in the guise of a mendicant, and intended assuming the name of Maria F——n; that she was to feign herself to be the

widow of a soldier who had fallen in battle, and that, if possible, she would go to the very centre of Hungary, in those vast pasture lands where she hoped no one would seek after her.

With this information, Madame L—— again resumed her journey. She feigned to be an aged grandmother, whose grandson was missing, and that she was in search of him. She made many narrow escapes while passing guards, soldiers, and spies, until at length she reached the plains before mentioned. She went from house to house, as if in search of her grandson, but in reality to find one who would answer the description given her of poor Maria F——n. At length in a cabin she heard that name mentioned, and on inquiry who and what that person was, learned that she was the widow of a Hungarian soldier who had fallen in battle, and that she had a child who was with its grandparents. They then described her person, but added that she had suffered so much from illness and grief, that she was greatly changed. "Before she came here," said the speaker, "she worked for her bread, even when ill; but after her arrival, she became too much indisposed to labor, on account of which they sent to the Sisters of Charity for a physician, who came, bled, and blistered her; and when she was able to go, she had been conveyed to the institution of the Sisters, where she then was." Madame L——, feeling convinced that the poor sufferer must be none other than the object of her search, expressed a desire to visit her.

At the Sisters of Charity, Madame L—— had much difficulty in procuring access to Maria, and the latter was as much opposed to receiving her. At length Madame L—— told the Sisters to inform her that she had a message for her from her husband, who was not dead as she had supposed, and that she would soon convince her, if she would permit her to enter. Poor Maria, between fear and hope gave her consent, and Madame L—— was allowed to see her. Madame L—— handed her the letter of Governor Kossuth. She recognised, at once, the writing; kissed it; pressed it to

her heart; devoured its contents, and then destroyed it immediately. Soon a story was made up between the two females; they told the Sisters of Charity that Maria's husband "still lived," and that she would rejoin him. A little wagon was procured; as many comforts were put in it as could be had without suspicion; and these two interesting women set out on their escape from the enemies of their country.*

Madame L—— had a relative in Hungary who had not been compromised in the war; so this person arranged to meet the ladies at a given place, and in the character of a merchant, travel with them. After they had left the pasture-grounds, he passed as the husband of "Maria," and the elder female as his aunt. At night they stopped at a village, and were suspected, on account of the females occupying the bed, while he slept at the door. They started early in the morning, and the "husband" remained behind to learn something of the suspicions to which their conduct had given rise. He again overtook them, as they stopped to feed their horse, and bade them to be greatly on their guard.

In the evening, while the two ladies were sitting together in a miserably cold room, the face of poor Maria so muffled up as to conceal her features

* It is not known by what route the ladies reached the capital of Hungary; but it is certain that, supposing their presence would not be suspected at Pesth, they heroically proceeded to that city, then in the possession of General Haynau. It has since then become a source of pride to both of them, that they, safe in their disguise, passed that military "butcher" in the streets of Pesth. Among the letters with which this lady was charged by the exiles of Widdin, was one for the lamented martyr of Hungary, Count Casimir Bathiany, then confined in a prison of the city, waiting the cruel fate to which the "butcher" subjected him. When it was decided that he should be ignominiously put to death by the hangman's rope, that excellent and mild Hungarian patriot endeavoured to put an end to his own existence with a razor; but unfortunately not succeeding, Haynau dragged his mutilated and bleeding body from the prison, and ended his life on the gallows. The letter which Madame L—— had for him was from his brother, who had escaped into Turkey with M. Kossuth; and she had the satisfaction of causing it, through the venality of his jailers, to be placed in the hands of the sufferer, to whom it was no little source of consolation to know that his brother lived in safety.

and induce the belief that she was suffering from her teeth, both appearing much as persons in great poverty, overcome by afflictions, Maria had a nervous attack, and talked and laughed so loud that her voice was recognised by an Austrian officer who happened to be in the house. This person sent a servant to ask them to come into his room, where there was a fire. Madame L—— inquired the name of the "good gentleman" who had the kindness to invite them to his room, and when she heard it, Maria recognised in him a deadly enemy of her husband. While they were planning a means of evading him, the officer himself came into their apartment. Immediately arising, they made an humble courtesy in so awkward a manner as to divest him of all suspicion. Madame L—— spoke, and thanked him again and again for his kindness, but added that such poor creatures as they were not fit to go into his room. So soon as the officer retired, Maria had another attack, which would certainly have betrayed them had he been present. Madame L—— implored her to be composed, or they would be lost.

Starting again, they were not molested until in the evening, when they were apprehended and conducted by two policemen before a magistrate. There the former spoke of them as suspicious characters; but they were not told of what they were suspected. While the examination was going on, Madame L—— slipped a bank-note into the hand of the superior of the two policemen. This bribe quite changed the affair; the two men became their friends, excited the pity of the magistrate in their favor, and they were allowed to depart. Thus they went on from station to station, until they reached the frontiers of Hungary near the Danube. They entered the little town of Saubin, and asked permission of the head of the police to pass over the river to Belgrade. This was refused, until they said they wished to go there for a certain medicine for a daughter who was ill, and that they would leave their passports as a security. He then gave his consent, and they crossed the Danube,

and entered the dominion of the Sultan of Turkey.

It was night when they entered Belgrade. They knocked at the door of the Sardinian Consul, who had recently been stationed in that frontier town by his king, whose whole heart sympathised with the Hungarian cause, and who had formed a friendly alliance with M. Kossuth for the freedom of Italy and Hungary. The Consul had been advised by M. Kossuth that two females would probably seek his protection, but not knowing them, he inquired what they wished of him. Madame L—— replied, "Lodging and bread." He invited them in, and Madame L—— introduced him to Madame Kossuth, the lady of the late Governor of Hungary.

It will readily be conceived at the Consul could scarcely believe that these two miserable beings were the persons they represented themselves to be. Madame Kossuth convinced him by showing him the signet-ring of her husband. In his house Madame Kossuth fell ill, but received every possible kindness from her host. They learned that all the Hungarians and Poles had been removed from Widdin to Shumla; and notwithstanding that it was in the midst of a severe winter, they decided upon proceeding at once to the latter place. The Sardinian Consul applied to the generous and very liberal Prince of Servia, in whose principality Belgrade is, for his assistance in behalf of the ladies, and in the most hospitable and fearless manner he provided them with his own carriage and four horses, and an escort; and in this way they started through the snow for Shumla. Their journey was without any apprehension of danger, for the British Consul-General at Belgrade, Mr. F——, had provided the party with a passport as British subjects, under the assumed names of Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bloomfield; yet the severity of the weather was such that Madame Kossuth, in the ill state of her health, suffered very much. Often the snow was as deep as the breasts of the horses, and not unfrequently four oxen had to be attached to the carriage in their places. A journey which in summer would

have required but a few days, now was made in twenty-eight.

On the twenty-eighth day, a courier was sent in advance of them to apprise Governor Kossuth of their approach. He was ill; and, moreover, on account of the many plans of the Austrians to assassinate him, the Sultan's authorities could not allow him to leave Shumla, and go to meet his wife. The news of her deliverance and her approach occasioned the liveliest satisfaction to all the refugees; and the Hungarians and Poles went as far as the gates of the city to meet this heroic martyr of the cause of Hungary. It was night when the carriage neared the city; as it entered the gates she found the streets lighted up with hundreds of lights, green, white, and red, the colors of the Hungarian flag, and was welcomed with the most friendly shouts from the whole body of the refugees.

When Madame Kossuth descended from her carriage, she found herself in the presence of her husband, who had risen from his bed of illness to receive the poor "Maria F—" of the plains of Hungary. In place of receiving her in his arms, M. Kossuth, overcome by feelings of admiration for the sufferings which his wife had undergone, and by gratitude for her devotion to the cause of her country, threw himself at her feet and kissed them. She endeavoured to speak and offer her husband consolation and tranquility, while her own poor feeble heart was ready to burst with emotion. Her voice failed her, and amid the reiterated shouts of the Hungarians and Poles, this heroic woman was carried to her husband's apartments.

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In March of the past year some seventy persons—the chief of the Hungarian refugees, among whom were also several Poles—were conveyed in one of the steamers of the Sultan of Turkey to the place designated for their future residence in Asia Minor. From Shumla they travelled by land to Varna, on the Black Sea; from thence they were taken in the steamer to Ghemlik, in the Gulf of

Madanieh, in the Sea of Marmora, without being allowed to stop at Constantinople. They crossed from that place to Broosa, at the foot of Mount Olympus, and after a short delay there, agitated by hopes and fears, they continued on to Kutayieh, where they all still are. Madame Kossuth is with her husband, and, greatly through the labors of Madame L—, who undertook another journey into Hungary for this purpose, she now also has her children with her. Among the individuals who persist in remaining at Kutayieh with the ex-Governor of Hungary and his lady, are Madame L—, and the relative who during the dangerous wanderings in Hungary figured as her husband. Many of the refugees are but ill-provided for. The amount which the Turkish government allows M. Kossuth for his subsistence is insufficient for the support of so many persons. It is a well-known fact that the duration of the detention of M. Kossuth depends wholly upon the Sultan, whose protection was so generously and so effectively granted to the refugees. It is also known that the Sultan has refused to detain him for a longer period than one year, and that this period ends with the month of May of the present year. To detain him beyond that period, will be to assume a responsibility in the eyes of the world which will weigh heavily upon the character of the Sultan, who has, thus far, possessed the sympathy and the admiration of all well-thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic. We would invoke that generous prince to carry out what he has so successfully begun; and to permit Kossuth and his unfortunate companions to seek a home in the distant New World, where they cannot, even should they desire it, which we disbelieve, disturb the tranquility of Austria, and where assassins can never molest them. In the United States they will all find a hearty welcome; and in the paths of private life each will find that sympathy and assistance to which their patriotism and their sufferings so strongly entitle them.

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Men soon become fastidious about that which they have for nothing.

A Thrilling Incident.

An incident occurred at the Key Biscayne lighthouse during the Florida war, which is perhaps worth recording. The light-house was kept by a man named Thompson. His only companion was an old negro man; they both lived in a small hut near the light-house. One evening about dark they discovered a party of some fifteen or twenty Indians creeping upon them, upon which they immediately retreated into the light-house, carrying with them a keg of gunpowder, with the guns and ammunition. From the windows of the light-house Thompson fired upon them several times, but the moment he would show himself at the window, the glasses would be instantly riddled by rifle balls, and he had no alternative but to lie close. The Indians meanwhile getting out of patience, at not being able to force the door, which Thompson had secured, collected piles of wood, which, being placed against the door and set fire to, in process of time not only burnt through the door, but also set fire to the stair-case conducting to the lantern, into which Thompson and the negro were compelled to retreat. From this, too, they were finally driven by the encroaching flames, and were forced outside on the parapet wall, which was not more than three feet wide.

The flames now began to ascend as from a chimney some fifteen or twenty feet above the light house. These men had to lie in this situation, some seventy feet above the ground, with a blazing furnace roasting them on one side, and the Indians on the other, embracing every occasion, as soon as any part of the body was exposed, to pop at them. The negro, incautiously exposing himself, was killed, while Thompson received several balls in his feet, which he had projected beyond the wall.

Nearly roasted to death, and in a fit of desperation, Thompson seized the keg of gunpowder, which he had still preserved to keep from the hands of the enemy, threw it into the blazing light house, hoping to end his own sufferings, and destroy the savages.

In a few moments it exploded, but the walls were too strong to be shaken, and the explosion took place out of the light-house, as though it had been fired from a gun.

The effect of the concussion was to throw down the blazing materials level with the ground, so as to produce subsidence of the flames, and then Thompson was permitted to remain exempt from their influence. Before day the Indians were off, and Thompson, being left alone, was compelled to throw off the body of the negro while strength was left him, and before it putrefied.

The gunpowder was heard on board a revenue cutter at some distance, which immediately proceeded to the spot to ascertain what had occurred, when they found the light house burnt, and the keeper above on the top of it. Various expedients were resorted to to get him down; and finally a kite was made and raised with strong twine, and so manœuvred as to bring the line within his reach, to which a rope of good size was next attached and hauled up by Thompson.

Finally, a block, which being fastened to the light-house, and having a rope to it, enabled the crew to haul up a couple of men, by whose aid Thompson was safely landed on *terra firma*.

The Indians had attempted to reach him by means of the lightning-rod, to which they had attached thongs of buckskin, but could not succeed in getting more than half-way up.—
Charleston News

The Love of a Dog to His Master.

The pious Flavel has, in his writings, many meditations on *the heavenly use of earthly things*, in which lessons of wisdom and piety are derived from even the most ordinary things. One of these meditations is "upon the love of a dog to his master." It is worth reading:—

How many a weary step, through mire and dirt, hath this poor dog followed my horse's heels to-day, and all this for a very poor reward; for all he gets by it at night, is but bones and

blows. Yet will he not leave my company, but is content upon such hard terms to travel with me from day to day.

O my soul! what conviction and shame may this leave upon thee, who art oftentimes even weary of following thy Master, Christ, whose rewards and encouragements of obedience are so incomparably sweet and sure! I cannot beat back this dog from following me, but every inconsiderable trouble is enough to discourage me in the way of my duty. Ready I am to resolve as that scribe did, (Matt. viii. 19,) "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest;" but how doth my heart falter, when my heart must encounter with the difficulties of the way. Oh! let me make a whole heart-choice of Christ for my portion and happiness; and then I shall never leave him, nor turn back from following him, though the present difficulties were much more, and the present encouragements much less.

The same excellent writer has another meditation, the subject of which is "*the catching of a horse in a fat pasture*:"—

"When this horse was kept in poor short leas, where he had much scope, but little grass, how gentle and tractable was he then. He would not only stand quiet to be taken, but come to hand of his own accord, and follow me up and down the field for a crust of bread, or handful of oats; but since I turned him into this fat pasture, he comes no more to me, nor will suffer me to come near him, but throws up his heels wantonly against me, and flies from me as if I were rather his enemy than a benefactor. In this I behold the carriage of my own heart towards God, who, the more he hath done for me, the seldomer doth he hear from me. In low and afflicted state, how tractable is my heart to duty. Then it comes to the foot of God voluntarily. But in an exalted condition, how wildly doth my heart run from God and duty! With this ungrateful requital God faulted his own people, (Jer. iii. 31,) teachable and tractable in the wilderness, but when fattened in that rich pasture of Canaan, "then we are lords, we will come no

more to thee." How soon are all God's former benefits forgotten! And how often is that ancient observation verified even in his own people:

"No sooner do we gifts on some bestow,
But presently our gifts gray-headed grow."

But that is a bad tenant that will maintain his suit at law against his landlord with his own rent; and a bad heart that will fight against God with his own mercies. I wish it may be with my heart, as it is reported to be with the waters in the kingdom of Congo, that are never so sweet to the taste as when the tide is in at the highest.

Touching Sea Scene.

Dr. Parker, in his interesting book, "*Invitations to True Happiness*," gives a beautiful illustration of fervent gratitude for Divine forbearance, so justly due from the hearts of all men, yet felt by comparatively so few who are permitted to live on by its exercise, year after year in impenitence.

During a sea voyage, a few years since, I was conversing with the mate of the vessel on this topic, when he concurred in the view presented, and observed that it called to mind one of the most thrilling scenes he had ever beheld. With this he related the following story.

"I was at sea, on the broad Atlantic, as we now are. It was just such a bright, moonlight night as this, and the sea was quite as rough. The captain had turned in, and I was upon watch, when suddenly there was a cry of a man overboard. To go out in a boat was exceedingly dangerous. I could hardly make up my mind to command the hands to expose themselves. I volunteered to go myself, if two more would accompany me. Two generous fellows came forward, and in a moment the boat was lowered, and we were tossed upon a most frightful sea.

As we rose upon a mountain wave, we discovered the man upon a distant billow. We heard his cry, and responded 'Coming.' As we descended into the trough of the sea, we lost sight of the man, and heard nothing

but the roar of the ocean. As we rose on the next wave, we again saw him, and distinctly heard his call. We gave him another word of encouragement, and pulled with all our strength. At the top of each successive wave we saw and heard him, and our hearts were filled with encouragement. As often, in the trough of the sea, we almost abandoned the hope of success. The time seemed long, and the struggle was such as men never made but for life. We reached him just as he was ready to sink with exhaustion. When we had drawn him into the boat, he was helpless and speechless. Our minds now turned towards the ship. She had rounded to. But, exhausted as we were, the distance between us and the vessel was frightful. One false movement would have filled our boat, and consigned us all to a watery grave. Yet we reached the vessel, and were drawn safely upon the deck. We were all exhausted, but the rescued man could neither speak nor walk; yet he had a full sense of his condition. He clasped our feet, and began to kiss them. We disengaged ourselves from his embrace. He then crawled after us, and as we stepped back to avoid him he followed us, looking up at one moment with smiles and tears, and then patting our wet foot-prints with his hand, he kissed them with an eager fondness. I never witnessed such a scene in my life. I suppose if he had been our greatest enemy he would have been perfectly subdued by our kindness. The man was a passenger. During the whole remaining part of the voyage he showed the deepest gratitude, and when we reached the port he loaded us with presents."

But, my friend, Christ has seen you exposed to a more fearful peril, and has made an infinitely greater sacrifice for your rescue. He saw you sinking in the billows of eternal death. He did not merely venture into extreme danger to save you; he has actually suffered for you the most cruel death. Yet you have never embraced his feet, nor given any proper testimony of gratitude. What estimate ought you to place upon your depravity, when such goodness has for so long a time failed to subdue it?

For the Sailor's Magazine.

A Sailor's Constancy and love for his Mother.

This morning, at the Sailor's Home, as I was enjoying the clear sunlight of an October day, which the chillness of an autumnal breeze made really comfortable, I observed a young man in the garb of a Man of War's man ashore, looking quite dejected, and standing aloof from the rest of his shipmates who were smoking and chatting familiarly together. It is rather unusual to see men in low spirits just ashore from a long cruise with plenty of money and so many ways of spending it, as offer to them in such a city as New York: and particularly as he seemed to be superior to many who were congregated in small clusters around him, I accosted him with, A fine morning this, You seem to feel but little of the cheerfulness which such a morning as this is apt to inspire, if I can judge by your dejection of countenance: "Are you not well?" "Yes sir, in body but I feel bad at heart." "If you will permit me to enquire as to the cause of your feelings, I will most gladly render any assistance I can to banish from your mind the trouble which seems to weigh upon it?" "I am obliged to you sir, but I fear you can render me no assistance, as it is a family difficulty which you could not remove. I sir although a young man have been to sea sixteen years. I was driven from home by the treatment of my father and the insults of my family when a mere lad, and I have not been home in twelve years. But sir I will tell you the story if you will have the patience to hear it. My father and mother are both living in—St, in this City, adjourning the house in which we lived some years ago resided the family of Mrs C—. The families became very strongly attached and very intimate so much so, that the partition fence between the yards was taken down, and both yards were made into a large grass plot for a play ground for all of us children. Mrs C—had a son and a daughter who were the playmates of myself and brothers in our childrens sport. Thus for years we lived and played

together, until we were sent away from home to school. Susy who was about my age was sent to a girl's school about a quarter of a mile from where I attended, and we were just as intimate as at home. I was the companion of all the rambles and we were strongly attached to each other, and by being so much in each others society that attachment grew and strengthened until it was part of my life almost. While we were at school, a rupture between the families occurred. The fence was again put up, but a higher fence in the prejudice and hatred of the families was formed than could be made of posts and boards. On my return from school I was forbidden to speak with any of Mrs C——s family under the displeasure of my parents. But the attachment I had formed for S——was stronger than the fear of my parent's displeasure. I had several interviews with her and found she regarded me as she had always done and we promised that *we* would love each other, come what would. I was severely reprimanded by my father and told that I must stop my visits to Mrs C——s or leave the house. I was not long in determining which to do, I left home and came down to a boarding house to stay until I could get a chance to go to sea. I had made up my mind to go for lack of any other place or employment. I had been there but a few days before an opportunity offered for me to go to the East Indies. I went and declared my intentions to Mrs C——and family and as I was destitute of clothing necessary for such a voyage, she gave me enough to fit me out. I made two voyages to the Indies. On my return I visited Mrs C and S——for whom I entertained a stronger affection than ever. I then thought I would go and see my own folks. My father having heard I still persisted in visiting where he forbade me, ordered me to leave the house and told me my absence would always be preferred to my company. I went from home with my heart burning with indignation, and resolved never to darken his doors again; and now I have been to sea knocking about

all over the world ever since. I shipped in the service and was sent to California, was there during most of the war and returned just in time to witness the taking of Vera Cruz; since that I have been cruising off the coast of Africa. On my return home I was employed as surgeons steward and in the assistant surgeon discovering an elder brother who had been in the service a long time. He did not recognise me, and I passed under an assumed name until we arrived in harbor, and were about going ashore. I asked him if he was aware that I was related to him. He said he was not, I then told him my name, and the circumstances of my leaving home. He tried to induce me to return but I told him, no, I never would be expelled the second time from a father's door. Since I have been here I have been boarding in the city and now have come to the Sailor's Home, to get a chance for California and I expect to go in a few days. But how can I go without seeing my Mother? I have spent many a night in weeping to think I am debarred from seeing my own Mother who must love me still. She is very old now and I am afraid if I go to sea again without seeing her, I shall never see her more as she may be dead before I return. This is what is on my heart and makes me sad, could I but see her once again I could go to sea contented. After talking with him a little while he determined to overcome his former resolutions and once more visit his home for the sake of obtaining a parting interview, in all probability the last opportunity on earth he would ever have of clasping a mother's hand and telling her that the boy who was so rudely driven from his early home still thought of and tearfully remembered the early affection of a mother. The sequel may be expected.

N. S.

He is a glutton who lives to eat, not he who eats to live: so he is a hireling preacher who preaches that he may take pay, not he who takes pay that he may preach—an important distinction, but overlooked by those who talk loudest and longest about hirelings.

From the Puritan Recorder.

Paul as Passenger.

Some people go to sea because they love to. Paul went because he had to go. "They delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius."

And fairly at sea, it is worth while to see what sort of a voyage he had, and especially what sort of a passenger he was. Some people who are of very fair character on shore and at home, become as rude and reckless as the winds at sea. Let us, therefore look after Paul.

The sea is a fierce and rough old fellow, and when out of temper, knocks people about without mercy, saint, savage, sage, all alike. And the ship even that carried so good a man as Paul could not escape a specimen of the sorrow that is on a sea.

Paul, the passenger, who could give such good advice about the way of being saved, was a man of common sense, too, about other matters, and could drop a word of wisdom even about sea affairs. He cautioned the seamen about leaving Crete, a port they took in their way; but they slighted his counsel, and well they got paid for it. It cost them untold hardship and trouble and the ship, as a part of the price, left her timbers for kindling wood for the people of Malta. Ministers are sometimes said to be fools out of their own profession. But here certainly was an exception. There advice is sometimes worth a trifle in worldly matters. Paul could "bear a hand" in a storm. He did not shrink away into the cabin as if he were a delicate gentleman who must not be roughly smitten of the winds, nor spattered with salt-water, nor soil dainty hands with hard labor. He took hold "with a will" just where he was wanted, and did his duty like a man. See the record: "And the third day *we* cast out with *our own hands* the tackling of the ship." Paul at a rope! To be sure! and there was not a more appropriate place for him in the universe at that precise juncture. He was as really serving his Master when pitching the ship's lading overboard, as when he was dashing a Pharisee's false hope to pieces

or making a Felix tremble with the thunder of his eloquence.

And Paul, the passenger, could not only help lighten the laboring ship, but he could lighten laboring hearts by his own animated soul and voice. In that doleful tempest which had wearied them many days, and all hope was taken away that they should be saved, and long abstinence had weakened their bodies, and the deepest gloom was settling down upon their minds, and in the midst of all this Paul lifts up his cheering voice. Loud and clear the pleasant notes rang through the ship: "And now I exhort you all to be of *good cheer!*"

Some men, and good men too, sink with the despondency which fills other men's minds, and they all go down together in the slough of despond, and splash together there. But it is no easy thing to get such a man as Paul down there. There were plenty of people there during this tempest without him. He could not afford to give them his company. And he had a basis for his cheering words. For a mission from above had given him assurance that, though they were to suffer shipwreck, yet not a life should be lost. And it did his benevolent soul good to be able to give such a word of comfort to his shipmates.

And Paul the passenger was on hand too, to expose and prevent the miserable selfish scheme of the sailor's to get privily into the boat and save themselves and leave the rest to perish. He fearlessly resisted the effort, announcing, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." And men who had once scorned his voice, now saw Paul was a man of sense if he was a prisoner and a preacher. His course sharpened the knives of the soldiers, and cutting the line that held the boat, she floated away nobody the better for her.

Neither was our passenger the man to fail in giving wholesome counsel touching the natural wants of his shipmates. They were weakened by long abstinence from food. Paul cared as really for the body as for the soul. Some disciples, in an ill-judged

zeal for the latter overlooked the former. And we have heard of certain who could seemingly pray with great fervency for their neighbor's salvation who would scowl like a chilly day in November on them, if they should seek a temporal favor at their hands. But our passenger's religion had breathed another atmosphere. He sympathized in the bodily wants of those about him. "Wherefore I pray you take some meat, for this is for your health." And he kindly and skilfully sharpened their appetite by those sweet and animating words: "For there shall not a hair fall from your heads."

And Paul's religion was not like Sunday clothes packed away, and forthcoming only at intervals. It was bubbling up all the while like a perennial spring. He would honor God before the whole ship's company. "He took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all." Some omit grace at meals, if strangers are present. That is not Paul like. He would confess the Father of mercies whenever opportunity offered.

Some passengers so demean themselves during a voyage, that, when it ends, they are very low in the captain's opinion. But Paul's deportment made a very deep and happy impression upon the centurion who had him in charge. And Paul owed his own life to the excellence of his deportment, for when the soldiers advised to kill the prisoners, lest they should escape, the centurion "willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose." It stood to his account that he had behaved well at sea. And it was a great mercy to the other prisoners that Paul, their associate, was so well behaved; for it was on his account that their lives were spared. If one Jonah endangered a ship's company, one Paul caused safety to an another.

What a mercy were all passenger's on ship-board as well behaved as Paul. What different scenes would transpire in the cabin; and what an happy influence might go out from thence to the fore-castle. He was a Christian gentleman in his entire deportment. There was not an officer, sailor or soldier on board that ship through the

long voyage and through all those trying scenes, that saw him, at any time, off his balance. Contrary winds did not chafe and fret him. Ungodly ship-mates did not ridicule him or frighten him out of his religion—imminent danger did not disturb the peaceful serenity of his mind. He was cheerful with a happy conscience, and a capital specimen, he was, of what a Christian may be at sea. Navigators had better carry all the Pauls to sea they can find to accompany them. Such passengers are rare.

Paul's passage money came out of the treasury of paganism. Satan made such a stir about him in Judea, that he was driven from that field of labor. But it cost him nothing to get conveyance three or four hundred leagues; and no comfort could it have been to Satan that the passenger Paul went free of cost, had a good congregation to preach to all the way, and entered a new and more important field than ever, even Imperial Rome. It is not often that heathenism transports, at its own cost, such a passenger as Paul.

Sorrow in the Sea.

"The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep—
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep."

The story of death's doings in the sea is sad, *very sad*, but not strange. It is rather strange that the average of human life on the sea is ever half as long as on the land; since seamen are constantly so much nearer death's door. The ocean is their cemetery, the vessel is both their hearse and coffin.

September and October last were months of unusual sorrow in the sea; indeed, we do not remember ever to have made so fearful a record of the loss of life and property. The November number of the *Sailor's Magazine* contains a list of *Ninety one* vessels wrecked, capsized, foundered, burned—*lost*, and with them lost more than **EIGHTY LIVES!**

We ask those who may have this number of the *Magazine* before them,

to run their eye over the list, pausing on each long enough to take in some impression of the scene.

Of thirty persons supposed to be on board of one vessel only one was saved. The captain and five of the crew of another, perished. Only the captain, mate and one of the sailors of another were saved. In another, seventeen were lost; in another, nine; in another, the captain and two of the men sunk with her, and of the survivors, only one, a lad of 17, escaped.

Added to this should be the records from Prince Edward's Island, of the disasters of the late gale.

A correspondent of the New Brunswick "News Room," thus writes:—

Port of Shediac, Oct. 11.

The P. E. Island Packet arrived this morning, reports 160 sail of vessels, ships, brigs and schooners, wrecked in the gale of the 4th and 5th, from the North Cape to Malpec, P. E. Island, and nearly all the crews were drowned—60 bodies were buried in one grave. Among them were a number of American fishing schooners; most of their crews were drowned; a few who were saved have come over in the packet on their way home to the United States.

Then the inland deep has called unto the ocean deep. The gales have swept the Lakes, and among others lost, is the Propellor "Henry Clay," only one of the thirty souls on board having escaped a watery grave!

Our design is not to complete the list, but to call attention to the fact that *seamen are short-lived*; that most of these who are thus suddenly numbered with the dead are *young men*; that however severe it may be to their families to be bereaved of husbands, sons and brothers, it is *infinitely worse* for them if they have gone without the *christain's* hope, and that seamen, above all other men, need the consolations of the gospel, and a constant preparation for eternity!

P. S. Of one hundred and four males belonging to Gloucester, Mass. who died in 1850, 32 were lost at sea!

A Splendid Description.

ONE PAUL DENTON, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquors than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out—"Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"THERE!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the eternal, brews for all his children.

"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gasses, surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure cold water; but in the green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high up on the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder-storms crash, and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big wave rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water.

"And everywhere it is a thing of life and beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; dancing in the hail shower; sleeping in the glacier; folding its bright snow cur-

tains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored sky, that seraph's zone of the syren; whose warp is the rain drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water! no poisonous bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrinking ghost, from the grave, curses it in worlds of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"

A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered "No!"

Colored Sailor's Home, New York.

From January 1, 1850, to July 1, 1851, there has boarded at this house 533 seamen, of this number 53 were destitute objects of charity. 13 were relieved, and are indebted to the amount of \$114.50. 42 were successfully relieved without charge. Out of 6,533 seamen under my care for twelve years, *five* only have been sentenced to states prison for *theft*; *eight* for assault and battery, and *one* for revolt, the last case was recommended to the mercy of the court, and fined twenty-five dollars. Many have been induced to forsake their vicious habits, and are now an honor to God and their country.

Gentlemen, I consider these facts as due to you and the friends of seamen, as well as to seamen, whose moral and social elevation you have so long and so zealously labored to promote. It is an indication of a growing healthy improvement of morals among that heretofore neglected class of men.

Gentlemen, may I be permitted to introduce to your favorable notice Mr. Albro Lyons, who has for more than two years been employed as my assistant. He now pur-

poses to succeed me, and is every way qualified; gentlemanly, honest and upright, and has a small family. He has the confidence of the business community in all its relations connected with the Home. Also, he has conducted the affairs of the Home during my absence, near seven months, to my entire satisfaction. I can, therefore, recommend him as my successor, as being worthy of the confidence of the society. He will need some pecuniary aid I hope he will succeed, as in all probability, if he does not take the house, there will be no Home for colored seamen.

I am, Gentlemen, your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM P. POWELL.

To the Directors of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

P. S. — Mr. Lyons has taken charge of the Colored Sailor's Home at 330 Pearl street, and the Institution continues to be very useful.—Eds. S. MAG.

Rowland Hill and the Captain.

Once when I was returning from Ireland (says Rowland Hill) I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First the captain swore at the mate—then the mate swore at the captain—then they swore at the wind—when I called to them with a strong voice for fair play. 'Stop, stop' said I, 'if you please gentlemen, let us have fair play, it's my turn now.' 'At what is it your turn, pray?' said the captain. 'At swearing,' I replied. Well they waited and waited until their patience was exhausted and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience. To this the captain replied, with a laugh, 'Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?' 'Pardon me, captain,' I answered, 'but I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so.' My friends, I did not hear another oath on the voyage.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

Difficult Questions Answered.

Thoughtful seamen are sometimes perplexed on the subject of God's decrees, and man's free agency. It cannot be that they are consistent with each other; for if God decrees, foreordains, predetermines the destruction of a man or a city, and that it is to be done by me, how have I either a free agency or accountability in the matter? And how can the inference be avoided that the Ordainer is the Author of the sin! If he decrees my salvation or destruction, what can I do either to lose the one, or to avoid the other? Are not the powers of my free agency entirely superceded or suspended, and can I by any possibility be held accountable for any moral act?

Answer. Does the Bible teach that God ever decreed or predetermined any event which was brought about by the instrumentality of men?

Compare Isa. 53: and Dan. 9: 26, with Luke 22: 22; Acts 2: 23, and 4: 27, 28, and doubt if you can either whether God decreed the death of Christ, or whether Judas, and Herod and Pontius Pilate, and those who cried "crucify him" had "wicked hands."

Compare also Jer. 9: 11, and numerous other recorded purposes of God in respect to the destruction of Jerusalem with the fulfilment as penned by Josephus and other historians, and question if you can either the certainty of the decree, or the criminality of those who instrumentally brought it to pass.

God's decree in neither of these cases, nor in any other case, destroys or impairs in the least the free agency of man. Nor can the Holy One of Israel be charged with sin.

The difficulty on this subject lies

1. In the depravity of a heart which would turn God out of his own world; and

2. In the narrowness of a mind which supposes that God decrees effects without causes, and ends without means; which supposes

that God moves man as a machine, and measures his accountability by what he cannot be, rather than by what he is.

His counsel shall stand, and he will do all His pleasure; while the soul that sinneth, it shall die.

Bridging the Nile.

The editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, now on a visit to Egypt and Nubia, gives the following account of the bridge in progress of construction across the Nile near Cairo. The French engineer is constructing a strong and beautiful bridge across the river, where the water is both deep and swift. The arches are of large brick. Another appears to be building over the Damietta branch, as seen in the distance. Mud machines, all iron, worked by steam; pile drivers, and machinery of all kinds suitable for carrying on a heavy business; besides immense piles of stone, brick, timber and other materials, independently of laborers, soldiers, carts, horses, boats and mules, give the spot, for six miles around, an active and bustling appearance. Six years, we are informed, have elapsed since the piers were commenced. This is the first bridge, it is believed, ever built over the Nile. It was commenced by Mohammed Ali some years since, and a fear is entertained that it will never be finished. The diving bell is an extraordinary machine, with which sixty men are at once sunk to the river bed to drive piles, lay the foundation stones, &c. The water at the lowest point is thirty feet deep, and the mud thirty more below that, down through which the foundation of the pillar is sunk, in iron boxes, till its weight lodges on the firm bottom. The whole length of piers ready for receiving the arches is 90 feet—30 above high water. Last season 25,000 men were employed, at present only 2,000, the Pacha having used up his funds in building and furnishing costly palaces in all directions. Every three

months the governor of a district is called upon for a certain number of villagers for this public work."

Commerce of Havre.

Nowhere, I think, can maritime and commercial operations be observed, for information or the gratification of curiosity, within so limited and connected a space, as at Havre, or with so much convenience. The docks and quays intersect or adjoin each other; the *avant-port* and the jetees and open sea are near; produce—vessels—traders—arrive from all parts of the globe. In an hour or two you survey a world of nautical matters; some Lascars, uncommonly well dressed and robust, strutted before me on the morning of the 6th, and were on a tour of inspection, like myself. According to a report from the Chamber of Commerce, forty-nine vessels (29 ships, 11 brigs, 4 schooners, 2 steamers, 1 coaster) arrived, and forty-seven (of which 23 ships—9 American) left Havre in the course of August. The lists refer solely to the *long cours* or *grand cabotage*; vessels that cross, or widely navigate the oceans, or ply at remote coast points. The vast amount of steam intercourse with European ports, and of coasting between the Mediterranean and the North Sea, is not comprised. During the eight first months of the present year, the total of entries (all trade included,) was three thousand three hundred and fifty-four, and of departures three thousand three hundred and eighty-nine. The number of both was somewhat greater last year. In the month of August, the sum of Custom House duties received was, as officially reported, two millions seven hundred and forty-eight thousand francs, an increase of about three hundred and twenty-five thousand above the sum of August of last year. From the 17th to the 23d of last month, the receipts of the Paris, Rouen, and Havre Railroad were, altogether, upwards of three hundred and thirty thousand francs.

Editors' Table.

Just laid on our table six well-executed volumes, as to typography, paper, and binding, from the press of A. S. Barnes and Co., 51 John street, New York. Five of them from the pen of the late Rev. Walter Colton, Chaplain in the U. S. Navy; with a memoir of his life by the editor of these volumes, Rev. Henry D. Cheever. The titles of the book are somewhat significant of their subjects and character. "Ship and Shore, Land and Sea, Deck and Port, or Incidents of a Cruise to California;" "Three Years in California," and "The Sea and the Sailor." Also from the pen of the Rev. H. T. Cheever, "The Sandwich Islands."

We hail these volumes as increasing the library of a *sea literature*, of a good moral and religious tendency.

From a very cursory examination we find they are sprightly, entertaining, abounding with anecdote, and beautiful descriptions of persons and things.

We may, in future numbers of the Magazine notice each volume, and enliven our pages with extracts from them. From "The Sea and the Sailor" we made our extract for the Naval Journal in last number.

A distinguished merchant, a great judge of character, once said. "When I see one of my clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him. Such a one cannot be trusted."

And what is the vital principle of nations? It is the Gospel.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

From the Panama Herald, Oct. 16.

Thrilling Account of the Destruction of a Whaleship by a Sperm Whale! Sinking of the Ship!! Loss of two Boats and miraculous Escape of the Crew!!!

We have just received the following thrilling account of the destruction of the whale ship *Ann Alexander*, Capt. John S. Deblois, of New Bedford, by a large sperm whale, from the lips of the captain himself, who arrived in this city from Païta, on Sunday last, in the schooner *Providence*. A similar circumstance has never been known to occur but once in the whole history of whaling, and that was the destruction of the ship *Essex*, some twenty or twenty-five years ago, and which many of our readers fully remember. We proceed to the narrative as furnished us by Capt. Deblois, and which is fully authenticated by nine of the crew in a protest under the seal of the U. S. Consul, Alex. Ruden, jr., at Païta.

The ship *Ann Alexander*, Capt. S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Mass., June 1st, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale. Having taken about 500 barrels of oil in the Atlantic, the ship proceeded on her voyage to the Pacific. Nothing of unusual interest occurred, until when passing Cape Horn, one of the men, named Jackson Walker, of Newport, N. H., was lost overboard in a storm. Reaching the Pacific, she came up the coast and stopped at Valdivia, coast of Chili, for fresh provision, and on the 31st of May

last she called at Païta, for the purpose of shipping a man. The vessel proceeded on her voyage to the South Pacific.

On the 20th of August last she reached what is well known to all whalers, as the "Off-Shore-Ground," in lat. 5 deg. 50 min. South, lon. 102 deg. West. In the morning of that day, at about nine o'clock, whales were discovered in the neighborhood, and about noon, the same day, they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales—the larboard and the starboard, the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Capt. Deblois. The whale which they had struck was harpooned by the larboard boat. After running some time, the whale turned upon the boat, and rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair. Capt. Deblois immediately struck for the scene of the disaster with the starboard boat, succeeded against all expectation in rescuing the whole of the crew of the boat—nine in number!

There were now eighteen men in the starboard boat, consisting of the captain, the first mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship, and the waste boat was called into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waste boat arrived, the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale, and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated, and pro-

ceeded at some distance from each other, as is usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time, they came up to him, and prepared to give him battle. The waste boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course, suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance by throwing themselves into the ocean.

Capt. Deblois, again seeing the perilous condition of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had twice so narrowly escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given than they discovered the monster of the deep making towards them with his jaws widely-extended. Fortunately the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship and they all got on board in safety.

After reaching the ship a boat was dispatched for the oars of the demolished boats, and it was determined to pursue the whale with the ship. As soon as the boat returned with the oars, sail was set, and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him, and a lance was thrown into his head. The ship passed on by him, and immediately after they discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her, they hauled on the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After he had fairly passed, they kept off to overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and, as it

was near sundown, they concluded to give up the pursuit.

Capt. Deblois was at this time standing in the night-heads on the larboard bow, with craft in hand, ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving about five knots, when working on the side of the ship, he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots! *In an instant the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern!* She quivered under the violence of the shock, as if she had struck upon a rock. Capt. Deblois immediately descended into the forecabin, and there, to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed impetuously! Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard, to keep the ship from sinking, as she had a large quantity of pig iron on board. In doing this the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor and cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking rapidly. The captain went to the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant and chart. Reaching the decks he ordered the boats to be cleared away, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was keeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing. He then came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last himself to leave the ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat. The ship was on her beam-end, her top-gallant yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able

to save, he discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind! The boats contained eleven men each; were leaky, and night coming on, they were obliged to bail them all night to keep them from sinking?

Next day, at day-light, they returned to the ship, no one daring to venture on board but the captain, their intention being to cut away the masts, and fearful that the moment that the masts were cut away the ship would go down. With a single hatchet, the captain went on board, cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up, and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain-cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes round their bodies, got into the sea and cut a hole through the decks to get out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar, and twenty pounds of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink, and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her longer, so they set sail on their boats and left her.

On the 22d of August, at about five o'clock, P.M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made signal, and were soon answered, and, in a short time they were reached by the good ship *Nantucket*, of Nantucket, Mass., Capt. Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest possible hospitality.

On the succeeding day Captain Gibbs went to the wreck of the ill-fated *Ann Alexander*, for the purpose of trying to procure something from her; but, as the sea was rough, and the attempt considered dangerous, he abandoned the project. The *Nantucket* then set sail for Paita, where she arrived on the 15th September, and where she landed Capt. Deblois and his men. Capt. Deblois was kindly and hospitably received, and entertained at Paita by Capt. Bathurst,

an English gentleman, residing there, and subsequently took passage on board the schooner *Providence*, Captain Starbuck, for this port, arriving here on Sunday last, the 12th inst.

At Paita, Capt. Deblois entered his protest at the U. S. Consulate, which was authenticated by the following officers and seamen, on board at the time of the disaster; the two officers and the rest of the crew having shipped on board other vessels:—Joseph K. Green, first mate; James Smith, third do.; John Morgan, carpenter; James Riley, cooper; James McRoberts, John Smith, Wm. Smith, Henry Reid, and Charles F. Booth, seamen.

Disasters.

Nassau, N. P., Sept. 23.

The barque *Condor*, of and from Boston for Havana, was totally lost night 29th ult., at the Biminiea, having dragged ashore in a gale from the S. W.

Brig *Helen*, Eldridge, of and for Boston, from St. Thomas, abandoned, no date, about 250 miles S. W. of Cape Breton. The crew is stated to have been taken off the wreck by a Prince Edward's Island vessel and landed at Straits of Canso, and to have arrived at Pictou, evening of 30th Sept.

Fishing schooners *Wellington Lowr*, of Portsmouth; *Industry*, Wilmington, of Manchester; and *Wm. Gray*, of Provincetown, were driven upon a small island, in Richmond Bay, East coast of St. John's, N. F., 21st Sept., and it is supposed will be a total loss.

Schooner *John W. Houston*, of and from Pensacola, for Havana, dismasted, and in a sinking condition, was abandoned 29th Sept., captain and crew taken off by barque *Marcia*, at Boston, from New Orleans.

Steamer *Wm Penn*, from Boston, for Philadelphia, night 25th Sept, Cape Ann W. by N. six miles, the wind fresh from the south, came in collision with the whaling schooner *Belle Isle*, Nye, of Provincetown, striking her upon the starboard bow, so that she almost immediately filled and rolled over; four men were lost. The schooner was running eight, and the steamer ten knots per hour at the time of the collision.

Richibucto, N. B., October 1.

The ship *Princess Victoria* was driven ashore, and it is expected will become a total wreck. Russian barque *Minerva*, whilst riding at anchor outside the bar, completing her cargo, parted from her chains; the masts were cut away to save the vessel, but on Sunday morning, about 11 o'clock, she drove ashore, where she now lies a total wreck.

St. John's, N. B., October 15.

Authentic intelligence has been received here of the loss of fifty British fishing vessels, and probably over one hundred lives.

The barque *Amelia Ann*, from New York, arrived at Schediack on the 10th, and the Prince Edward Island packet on the following day. The latter reports that one hundred and sixty vessels, consisting of ships, brigs, and schooners, had been wrecked from the North Cape of Malpec, and that sixty bodies were buried in one grave.

Two ships had stranded at Richibucto, one a Russian, which had been condemned, and the other an English vessel, which is buried in the sand.

Cape Meddick, October 15.

Schooner *Henry Hall*, of Rockland, run on Bull Head Point, one mile East of this harbor, at four o'clock this morning. Hull a total loss.

Pictou, October 6.

The ship *Letitia Heyn*, with timbers, deals, staves, and flour, from Quebec to Liverpool, ran ashore 25th of September, in Pleasant Bay, Magdalen Islands, with eight feet water in her hold, and was abandoned and sold by the master.

Br. schooner, *Brothers*, of and from Anapolis, N. S. struck on the outer ledge, off Swampscott, evening 26th Oct., and the crew left her in their boat for the shore.

Nassau, N. P., October 10.

We have to report the total loss of the schooner *John Wesley*, of and from this port, for St. Thomas. The *J. W.* was lost on Little Inagua, 27th Aug.

Brig *Wave*, Jolime, of and from Philadelphia, for Jamaica, totally lost at Mayaguana, 25th Aug.

Schooner *Texas*, from Hapswell, for Boston, put into Gloucester, 24th Oct., and reports, on the 23d, 10 P. M. 10 miles N. E. by N. of the Boston light, was run into by the Br. schooner *S. A.*

Fowler, from Boston; for Wilmot, N. S., and lost bowsprit and forward stanchions. The *S. A. Fowler* immediately filled, and her crew were taken off by the *Texas*, and carried into port.

Schooner *Mariner*, Spain, of and from St. John, N. B. for Hallowell, was totally lost at Harpswell Neck, in the gale of 25th Oct.

Schooner *Erie*, of and for Newburyport, from Philadelphia, 5th Oct., sprung a leak 8th, off Capes of Delaware, supposed from starting a butt, during a rough sea, and as the water was gaining eleven inches per hour, Captain S. bore away for a schooner under his lee, which proved to be the *Jew* of Newburyport. The *Erie* was abandoned, and sunk immediately, the crew saving their clothing only.

Br. brig, *Gipsev*, Haley, of and from Yarmouth, N. S. for this port, sprung a leak 19th Oct., and was abandoned in a sinking condition. Crew were picked up by fishing schooner, *N. Baker*, at Chatham, Mass., 22d Oct.

Schooner *Equity*, Hays, bound for this port, was wrecked on the Brazos Bar 6th Oct.

Br. brig, *Belle*, Layhold, from Boston, 16th Oct. for Halifax, is reported by Telegraph totally lost at Prospect, on East side of Margaret's Bay, about twenty-five miles from Halifax; no particulars. The *Belle* had on board thirty-five passengers, all of whom are supposed to have been saved.

Gale on Lake Erie.—Accounts from Buffalo report a very severe gale on the 21st and 22d Oct. on Lake Erie, accompanied by loss of life. The schooner-*E. G. Merrick* and *Illinois*, are both ashore, one on the Canadian side and the other on the American side of Lake Erie. Schooner *Cambria* has sunk at Ashtabula, schooner *William Penn* capsized on Lake Ontario, and the crew are all supposed to be lost. The Canadian schooner *Christiana* also capsized on Lake Ontario, and her crew were drowned. The gale is represented as being very severe.

Br. brig *Indus*, hence for Aux Cayes, 2d Oct., with an assorted cargo, took fire when thirty miles S. E. of Highlands of Neversink, and burnt to the water's edge; the crew barely escaped.

Brig *Germ*, of Boston, reports, Sept. 26th, picked up a stern boat, with Wm.

Baird, mate, and John Daniels, James Agnew, Arthur Boyle, John Williams, James Elliott, John Green and Richard Payne, seamen of ship *Charlotte*, of Belfast, I. Capt. McVane, from Bombay, May 13th, for Liverpool. The C. was abandoned the day previous, Captain McVane, and 15 men left her in the long boat, and parted company soon after, intending to make for St. Michaels.

Schr. *Telos*, of Mount Desert, from Philadelphia, for Boston, was in contact 15th Oct, about 7 p. m., in Broad Sound, with brig *Marshall Dutch*, from Boston for Searsport, was struck abast the fore-rigging and sunk in five minutes. The crew escaped by jumping on board the brig.

Br. schr. *Sarah Ann Fowler*, of and for Wilmot, N. S., from Boston, in ballast, was in contact night 23d Oct., off Cape Ann, with schr. *Hopewell*, and was abandoned full of water; crew saved and taken to Gloucester.

Brig *Edward Prescott*, from Philadelphia for Boston, went ashore the 26th Oct. on the South Bar of Absecom. Captain and crew saved; supposed she would prove a total loss.

Br. ship *Edmonstone*—We are informed by telegraph from Portland, from the Captain (Sayres) that the *Edmonstone*, bound to Great Britain, was totally lost—date, place, &c., not stated. From the nature of the despatch it is inferred that all hands were saved.

Schr. *William D. Chase* (new), Johnson, of and from Portland, Conn. for this port, with stone, capsized in a heavy blow, a little West of Black Rock. afternoon 23d inst. and sunk; the crew were all taken off (excepting the cook, who was in the galley, and lost), by sloop *Rienzi*, Durfee, at this port yesterday.

Barque *Cazone*, Porterfield, of Guilford, Conn. from City Point, Va. for Liverpool, reported wrecked, Had anchored morning of 6th, Eastward of Taylor's Bank, in a heavy gale from the N. W. and W. N. W., but soon after parted her cables, and being unmanageable, went ashore between Taylor's Bank and Jordan's Flats, about one and three-quarter miles E. of Formby Light Ship, and afterwards broke up. The crews were saved by life-boats from Liverpool and the Magazines.

Brig *Walter Hoxie*, of and from Newport, R. I. for Havana, went ashore on

Elbow Reef, Abaco, night 17th ult., and beat over the Reef, but sustained great damage, loss of foremast, kelson broken, &c. The captain reports that it is impossible to get the vessel here until he gets a fair wind and has smooth water, (distance about fifty miles.) The greater portion of the cargo has been brought here and sold, in bad order and perishable. The probability is that the vessel will be condemned. Insured in New York for \$7,000. Cargo also insured.

The British sloop *Laura*, Horton, from St. Thomas for this port, was totally lost at Little Island evening 26th.

Steamer *Brother Jonathan*, Mills, at this port, from San Juan, via Mobile, 27th ult. 9 p. m. Egg Harbor Light, W. nine miles, came in contact with schr. *Charles D. Ellis*, Smith, hence for Wilmington, N. C. striking her on the starboard quarter; laid by her some time, and while getting a hawser to tow her, she sunk in 12 fathoms water. The captain crew and passengers all saved.

Liverpool, October 6.

The *Mountaineer*, Crerer, of and from New York, for Quebec, was abandoned in a sinking state, 3d October, crew taken off by the *James Pennel*, arrived here.

Among the disasters reported at the great gale in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is the loss of the schr. *America*, of Quebec, the captain of which is supposed to have perished with all his crew.

Fishing schr. *Wellington*, Lowry, of Portsmouth; *Industry*, Wilmington, of Manchester; *Wm. Gray*, of Provincetown, were driven upon a small island in Richmond Bay, on East Coast, St. Johns, N. F. 21st ult., and it is supposed will be totally lost.

Schr. *Curlew*, at San Francisco, from Honolulu, reports the following from the whaling fleet of the North Pacific:

The C. was boarded on the 31st of August last, in lon. 134 11 W. lat. 37 N. by the whaleship *John Wells*, of New Bedford, Capt. Cross, who reports the following vessels as being lost this season:

Ajax, of Havre; *Aromata*, of New London; *Henry Thompson*, of New London; *Arabella*, of New Bedford; *New Bedford*, of New Bedford; *America*, of New Bedford; *Cosmopolite*, of France; and *Mary Mitchell*, of San Francisco.

The schr. *Traveller*, of Newburyport towed into Richibucto, N. B. nearly op

posite P. E. Island; no one on board, all hands were saved. Ashore, but their crews are safe: schrs. *Commerce*, of Harwich; *Powhattan*, *Golden Rule* and *Constitution*, of Gloucester; *Bloomfield* and *Oscar Coles*, of Boston; *Rival* and *Nettle*, of Truro; *Mary Scotchborn*, *James* and *Alms*, of Newburyport; *Mt. Hope*, of Hingham; *Caledonia*, of Portland; *Triumphant*, of Cape Elizabeth; *Banner*, of Hingham; *Naiad Queen*, of Cohasset; *Golden Grove*, of Kennebec; *Duroc*, of Amesbury; *Henry Knox*, of Cohasset; *Independence*, of Newburyport; *Good Intent*, of Newburyport.

Schr. *Telegraph*, of Boston, is reported to have lost all hands.

Barque *Ruh*, of and from Baltimore, for Rio Janeiro, is reported to have been lost previous to Sept. 21st, off Cape St. Roque.

Schr. *Edward*, Toothacher, of Wiscasset, for Stamford, Conn., and schr. *Forest*, Pierson, of St. George, Me., from Calais, Me. for New Haven and Guilford, Conn., went ashore on Gardener's Island; the E. a total wreck, the F. full of water, supposed bilged.

Notices to Mariners.

Trinity House, London, Sept 29, 1851.

Wreck off the North Foreland.—Notice is hereby given, That a green buoy, marked with the word "Wreck," has been placed about 16 fathoms to the S. W. of a vessel sunk off the North Foreland.

The buoy lies in nine and a-half fathoms at low-water. Spring tides, with the following marks and compass bearings, viz:

A remarkable clump of trees at the Ashdown Farm, just open of the Fort Cliff at Margate, S. W. by W.

Moro Castle, in line with the Lantern House at Stone, S. W. three-quarters W.

North Foreland Light House, S. W. by S.

Tongue Light Vessel, N. W. by W.
By order, J. HERBERT, Sec'y.

Trinity House, London, Sept. 30, 1851.

Lights in Sea Search, River Thames—The permanent Light-houses which have been in course of erection at Sea Reach, being now completed,

Notice is hereby given, That the Lights, both at the Chaplain Head, and

at the Mucking stations, are now exhibited in those structures, and the temporary L ghts discontinued.

Chapman Head.—The Light at this station burns at an elevation of 40 feet above the level of high water Spring tides, and is of the usual or natural color, except that upon the line of bearing of the East River Middle buoy, viz. S. E. by E. 1-2 E. from the Light-house, it is colored red, which color extends to the northward to the light-house, on the Southend Pier, in the direction E. by S. 1-2 S.

Mucking.—The Light at this station burns at an elevation of 40 feet above the level of high water Spring tides, and is of the usual, or natural color, except in the following directions, in which the light is colored red, viz.—

1st.—In the direction of E. by S. 3-4 S. which clears the Scars and Chapman Head.

2d.—On the line of bearing S. W. by W. from the Light-house, in which direction it strikes the Spit of the Oven's Shoal, a short distance outside the 9 feet mark of low water Spring tides.

3d.—On the line of bearing S. 1-2 E. from the Light-house, a narrow strip of red light is shown for the purpose of making the direct line of bearing of the West Blyth Beacon.

Note—The above-mentioned bearings are Magnetic.

By Order, J. HERBERT, Sec'y.

Light-house on the Island of Lagosta.—A new Light-house has lately been erected on the Island of Lagosta, in Dalmatia, instead of the temporary one hitherto existing there. It stands on the summit of the point of land which, in the map of the coast of navigation, published by the Military Geographical Institution in Milan, is marked Punta Scrigeva, and commands the Porte Rosso, formed by the same point of land.

The geological bearings of the Light-house are 42, 43, N. lat, 14, 31, E. lon. from the meridian of Paris.

The Light-house is illuminated in the night, from the 15th May, 1851, with a fixed light, by means of the Fresnel apparatus. The height of the tower is 330 Vienna feet above the level of the sea. Its light is apparent in clear weather to an observer, raised twelve feet above the surface of the water at a distance of 25 miles, at 60 to a degree.

*Deaths occurring at the Seamen's Retreat, Staten Islnd, from
May 1st to Oct, 27th, 1851.*

| NAMES. | AGE. | BIRTHPLACE. | DATE. |
|----------------------|------|-----------------|--------|
| William Kelly, bk. | 30— | Grenada | May 1 |
| Charles Anderson | 40— | Sweden | " 2 |
| William Northcate | 18— | England | " 4 |
| William Myers, bk. | 18— | Va. | " 4 |
| James Bigelow | 35— | Ireland | " 5 |
| Charles Bergstrom | 22— | Sweden | " 6 |
| John Lambert | 30— | Ireland | " 9 |
| Charles Banks, bk. | 21— | New York | " " |
| Edward Hogan | 52— | Ireland | " 11 |
| Charles Davis, bk. | 54— | Mass. | " 11 |
| John Bell | 35— | England | " 13 |
| Lewis Lemie | 36— | Belgium | " 13 |
| John Shea | 42— | Ireland | " 15 |
| Francis W. Brown | 45— | Germany | " 16 |
| William Jenkins | 26— | England | " 18 |
| George Wilson | 44— | Mass. | " 19 |
| Wilhelm Hamneclon | 14— | Hanover | " 22 |
| Jacob Day, bk. | 33— | Penn. | " 25 |
| John Brown | 34— | Sweden | " 29 |
| Edward Smith | 26— | Cape Good Hope | " 31 |
| John Castido | 29— | Western Islands | June 5 |
| S. W. Nordstrom | 36— | Sweden | " 6 |
| Charles Jackson, bk. | 37— | New York | " 8 |
| Edward Bouriene | 28— | France | " 10 |
| William McKay | 20— | Scotland | " 10 |
| James Murray | 23— | Ireland | " 10 |
| William Turkarf | 17— | Germany | " 11 |
| Robert Douglas | 45— | Scotland | " 21 |
| George Gold | 24— | New York | " 21 |
| James Rhodes | 26— | Sweden | " 23 |
| Thomas Martin | 28— | England | " 26 |
| John David | 27— | Sweden | " 29 |
| James Lewis, bk. | 25— | Me. | " 30 |
| Charles Christian | 27— | Prussia | July 6 |
| John Severance | 28— | Me. | " 13 |
| William Sampson | 26— | Sweden | " 14 |
| Josiah Wilcox | 29— | Me. | " 18 |
| George Bartlett | 26— | Mass. | " 19 |
| Peter Shannon | 38— | Ireland | " 20 |
| William Kelly | 29— | Ireland | " 25 |
| Ignatius S. Remick | 20— | Me. | " 25 |
| William Roney | 18— | Ireland | " 26 |
| Samuel Curtis | 49— | Me. | " 26 |
| Peter Jenkins, bk. | 29— | Md. | Aug. 1 |
| Nicholas Anderson | 23— | Sweden | " 2 |
| Philip Le Mangnard | 27— | Isle of Jersey | " 5 |
| Boniface Coulomt | 37— | France | " 9 |
| Joseph Doyle | 30— | New York | " 11 |
| George Ritchie | 22— | R. I. | " 11 |

| NAME. | AGE. | BIRTHPLACE. | DATE. |
|----------------------|------|------------------|---------|
| George Veane | 54— | New York | Aug. 11 |
| John Brown | 28— | Ireland | " 12 |
| Alexander Bruce | 45— | Scotland | " 13 |
| William Seavy | 19— | Maine | " 14 |
| James Mitchell | 45— | Md. | " 18 |
| William Henry | 32— | Germany | " 19 |
| Charles Chidlow | 28— | N. Brunswick | " 22 |
| Robert Rodgers, bk. | 18— | Sandwich Islands | " 23 |
| George Scott | 20— | England | " 25 |
| Martin Wilson | 25— | Sweden | " 25 |
| Richard Smith, bk. | 30— | Penn. | " 27 |
| James Willson | 19— | Scotland | " 28 |
| J. H. Slade | 32— | Va. | " 29 |
| William Ford | 30— | Newfoundland | Sept. 1 |
| Thomas Rideout, bk. | 22— | Md. | " 2 |
| William Hedgington | 45— | England | " 3 |
| William N. Connell | 33— | R. I. | " 7 |
| Chas. Francisco, bk. | 20— | Conn. | " 7 |
| James Hepburn | 34— | Scotland | " 16 |
| George Kennedy, bk. | 44— | Penn. | " 18 |
| Allan McDonald | 28— | S. C. | " 23 |
| Charles Thompson | 28— | Germany | " 27 |
| John Sloan | 23— | Ireland | " 29 |
| Robert Smith | 31— | New York | Oct. 1 |
| Henry McGray | 21— | Ireland | " 2 |
| Frederick Loring | 44— | Germany | " 3 |
| John Cotter | 24— | Ireland | " 4 |
| Gustavus L. Lamquid | 41— | Sweden | " 1 |
| John Fagan | 27— | Ireland | " 19 |
| Peter Olsen | 26— | Norway | " 22 |
| Joseph H. King | 37— | Madeira | " 26 |
| Joseph Nammay | 26— | Ireland | " 27 |

Life a Vapor.

We are often painfully reminded of the brevity of human life on the sea. Most of the sailors die young. In the above list of eighty-one, only three were over fifty years of age, eleven between forty and fifty, and fifteen between thirty and forty! while their average ages is but thirty years!

To friends who may ponder this melancholy list it will be no small consolation to know that a Christian minister was present to direct these dying Sailors to Christ.

Cabin Boy's Locker.

Take Care of Your Spare Moments.

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr.—." said he.

"You want a breakfast more like," said the servant-girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I should have no objections to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr.—, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be, you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "I guess he has none to spare; he gives away a sight;" and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr.—?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her masters presence; however, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek

books and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well," looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where *did* you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments" answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his *spare moments*. Truly, are not spare moments the gold dust of time? How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many *many* other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale-ship, in the gam'ling house, or in the tippling-shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, "In my *spare moments*." "In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand." "It was in my spare moments that I gathered with wicked associates."

Oh, be very, very careful how you spend your spare moments! Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.

Another Seamen's Chaplain.

At a late meeting of the Directors of the American Seamen's Friend Society, the Rev. J. C. Fletcher was appointed as a chaplain to seamen in port of Rio de Janeiro, and expects to sail for his destination in a few days.

While these frequent appointments to important fields of labor show the disposition of the Board to follow promptly the leadings of God's providence, they also illustrate the necessity of the *substantial* co-operation of the friends of seamen.

We cannot rely upon the legacies bequeathed by the departed; we must depend on a *steady supply* from the living. In some instances, legacies are kept from their intended destination for years, and if not entirely lost, much wasted by litigation. In others they are lost by some defect in the will, and in others so restricted as to accomplish comparatively little good. How much better, *wiser* to do good with one's money while living and enjoy the luxury of it!

Grog Rations in the Navy.

It will be remembered that three or four years ago, Congress abolished one-half of the spirit ration in the Navy; and last year the barbarous practice of flogging. But while the lash went by the board, the grand cause of its use the grog, remained. It was like legislating for the destruction of the wide spread Canada thistle, and at the same time employing a band of well paid men to sow new seed and keep the crop good. It was hoped that the officers in the navy, whose duty and interests are united in maintaining

good discipline on shipboard, would feel the pressure of the necessity laid on them to petition for the removal of the principal cause of disobedience and insubordination. Some are known to be ready for such a movement and are anxious for its issue. They feel that the honor and elevation of their profession demand it. But whether a majority, or a sufficient number of the Naval officers will sign such a petition, as to give it weight and success is a matter of some doubt. Until they do, they must expect the natural consequence of strong drink, insolence, insubordination and vexation. Until they do lead the way in this obviously safe, manly and healthful reform, they may expect more censure than sympathy in their official difficulties, and the imputation of less wisdom than power.

But whether the officers in the Navy move in this appeal or not, let the friends of seamen on the land and sea, send up such an appeal as shall command the respectful hearing, and the efficient action of our national legislators. There is no spirit ration in the army, and why should there be in the navy? The American mercantile marine is nearly free from the use of intoxicating liquors, and why should the American Navy continue to be cursed with them?

Sick Seamen in Foreign Ports.

Earnest and early attention is invited to the MEMORIALS to Congress, now in circulation, asking that body to make adequate provision from funds on hand and unappropriated, for sick seamen in foreign ports. We have in charge such a Memorial to be forwarded at the opening of Congress, from Havana in the island of Cuba, and another from Havre in France. These Memorials are signed, not by the sailors themselves, but by their friends;—by shipmasters and officers and merchants and physicians and others, whose names and statements are

entitled to respectful consideration. Another Memorial is in preparation, signed by the Directors and officers of the American Seamen's Friend Society as the representatives of that Institution. Numerous other Memorials will be sent from Marine and Seamen's Friend Societies; from Chambers of Commerce, and Boards of trade in different parts of the land.

It is hoped and believed that the necessities of the case will be a sufficient argument to secure a humane issue, without a breath of opposition from any quarter.

Floating Bethel, Whampoa, China. July, 1851.

You will undoubtedly be glad to hear from me by the *Samuel Russell*, though it is but a word, for so many and pressing are my duties just now, I have but little time to devote to my friends. The weather

as for the last six weeks been *excessively hot*. I am told *unusually* so for the season, probably in consequence of the rainy season coming on so early, and remaining so little time. And as a consequence it is exceedingly unhealthy. As the number of ships here at present is large, being about seventy, numbers have died, and are still dying. Scarcely an hour in the day I am not called upon to see some awaiting their last exchange. Many a poor fellow in this far-off land have I buried. Our chapel on Sabbath is always well filled—should think the average number since my arrival about one hundred and fifty. My heart is encouraged as I stand up before my people to speak the “word,” inasmuch as I feel my labor is not in vain in the Lord. I see more than my hands can do. I sometimes think another man might be also well employed. At this season, enough, and more, might be found to occupy the time of another man, however faithful and laborious. With much suffering and the greatest possible care, I have thus far been able to attend to my duties. My earnest prayer is; that strength of *body* may yet be afford-

ed me. I have not been entirely well a day since my arrival. In March even, the time of coming down the coast the weather was intensely hot, and still more so when I arrived in Whampoa, consequently my acclimation has been more difficult and longer. When this process is past I hope to rally, and, with the blessing of the Lord, be able to accomplish all my fondest hopes. As the time of brother Loomis, my *most worthy* predecessor, was mostly employed in beging and building the Bethel, of course he was not able to accomplish much in visiting ships officially. But few, comparatively, did he go on board of at all, as he informed me in his letter, left behind. I have entered upon a regular system of visiting every ship once a fortnight for the distribution of tracts, bibles, &c., and for religious conversation, and have appointed hours daily for religious interviews with any who may call. A meeting for prayer and conference is held every Sabbath evening, which has been especially interesting and profitable. To God be all the praise. I have many warm friends, both among the missionaries and merchants of Canton, who are all interested in the affairs of the chaplaincy.

I am, truly yours,

E. H. HARLOW,
Seamens' Chaplain.

Shipwrecked Sailors.

During the last five months from the first of May to the first of October, out of 1313 boarders, 61 shipwrecked and destitute men and boys have been relieved at the Sailor's Home in New York, at an expense of \$268,34 besides a considerable amount of clothing furnished by benevolent ladies for this object.

Many of those relieved have been unfortunate, and worthy objects of a generous charity. Several of them were Sailor boys unable, at once to find employment, some of whom have been helped

off to sea, others home to their parents in the country.

A few specifications may not be uninteresting to Sailor's friends and benefactors

W. B. A. received in board and clothing \$6,52; was cast away at sea, became sick from exposure; health so much impaired as to render him unfit for sea service; was helped home to his friends in Ireland. His mother in a letter expressive of much gratitude, remitted \$5.00 in part payment.

J. W. received in board \$3,50, an old worn out sailor, lame from dropsy in the feet; got him admitted into the Snug Harbor.

H. S. \$14,50 a very worthy and strictly honest man, had been some time in the Home in a feeble state of health trying to ship for a West India or Southern voyage, for the improvement of his health; succeeded in shipping; but on the morning of sailing became deranged from over exertion and excitement in his preparation for sea; was sent to the hospital where he now lies low with a consumption.

W. B. \$ 8,79 a young man sick with consumption, from the hospital, unable to go to sea; helped home to his friends to die there.

J. O. \$ 2,38 An old man sick and infirm; helped down to the Seamen's Retreat.

J. M. K. \$ 4,75 A very fine boy with a strong predilection for the sea, had made two voyages against the wishes of his friends. Being still determined on a sailor's life, helped off on a voyage to the East Indies.

These are a few of the objects of our charities. Others have fall-

en among thieves the rum sellers, have been stript and wounded and left half dead and it has cost us more than two pence, to bind up their wounds and provide for them.

In this connexion permit us to remind those ladies, and Ladies Societies who are accustomed to furnish clothing and bedding for the Sailor's Home, that these destitute Sailor boys from 12 to 16 years of age, need flannels, shirts; socks, &c, adapted to their size. The last month or two a large share of the Societie's appropriation for this object, was expended on these boys.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

An Evening at Boston Sailor's Home.

Having been, some years engaged at a Foreign Chaplaincy directing the Sailor to a *Heavenly* Home beyond the scenes of this sin troubled world, I have felt desirous of witnessing the efforts, which are now made in the principal sea ports of the United States to provide, for the Sailor an *Earthly* Home. During a brief sojourn at the New York Sailor's Home, I saw abundant to convince me, that if Seamen would improve their privileges they might be made truly comfortable while in port, and would find a home, after experiencing the storms of the ocean.

Being called to Boston, I improved the opportunity of visiting the Home, kept by Mr. Cheney. I was so fortunate as to hear selected Tuesday evening,—the stated season for holding the weekly prayer meeting. Before supper, I met in the reading room a religious Ship-master who had come to make arrangements, for shipping a crew, for a trip to New Orleans. He remarked that he preferred taking a crew from the Home, instead of going elsewhere. The

men were more trustworthy. The good moral influences of the home extended to the voyage. At the supper table, my seat was next to a sailor, just arrived from New Orleans. He remarked, that having been well pleased with the Sailor's Home, in New Orleans, he concluded to try the Boston Home. I could not but admire his good sense, and earnestly desired that other seamen would follow his example. When seamen pass from the "Home" in one city to the "Home" in another, we may hope that when they pass away from this world, they will find an everlasting home in the Celestial city.

At seven o' clock, a goodly number of seamen, with the Keeper's family, and a few of the friends of seamen, belonging to the city, assembled in the reading room for religious services. All present apparently joined in the opening hymn,—

"Come, let us join our cheerful song,
"With angels round the throne;
"For thousand thousand are their tongues
"But all their joys are one."

The fifth chapter of the book of Revelation, was then read, a prayer was offered, and some remarks made touching that "new song" which shall be sung by that great company gathered "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Capt. S— followed in a most interesting strain of remarks, upon the nature of man's susceptibility to happiness and enjoyments, through the agency of sacred music. He related his own experience, when a boy hunting for seals, on the South Shetland Islands. With four of his shipmates he was parted from his ship, and was compelled to take shelter encamped under their boat upset upon the ice. In that cold climate, they were reduced to almost absolute starvation, but, said Capt. S—"never shall I forget the delight I experienced when three of my companions joined in singing the tune of "Old Hundred" its soft and plaintive notes fell

upon mine ear like the music of heaven. After these remarks, Mr. C.—the keeper of the home, voluntarily led in prayer, another hymn was sung, and the meeting dismissed.

It was gratifying to learn that seamen do generally patronise the home. It will accomodate about one hundred boarders, and nearly that number are constantly here.

Not unfrequently more apply than can be accommodated.

I learned that both officers and shipmasters, as well as common sailors, avail themselves of the privileges of the home. No distinction of rank however, is made at the table, or elsewhere in the establishment, all are *gentlemen boarders*, and from what I see, all merit that appellation.

During the night the house was remarkably quiet. At the proper time the inmates of the house assembled for morning family worship.

The friends of seamen may take courage and press forward in their efforts. Seamen do appreciate their exertions, and it is to be hoped will continue to do so, until *the abundances of the sea shall be converted unto God.*

S. C. D.

Boston, Sailor's Home, Wednesday Morning Nov. 5th, 1851

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Sailor Missionary in Denmark.

During the months of April, May, June and July, I have been engaged as follows: On the third of April I was called up to the office of the Commissary of the Magistrate of Gothenburg, who read to me the resolution of the King upon my petition. It was a total refusal of my petition to be allowed to remain in my country and enjoy liberty of conscience for me or my brethren. The commissary also read to me the resolution of the Magistrate of Gothenburg, that according to the resolution of the king, I must leave the country without delay; that if I refused to go immediately of my

own accord I would have to be driven away on the prisoners cart. The Commissary told me that if I took a passport for a foreign journey, the magistrate and state government would not interfere if I staid a fortnight or so, to prepare for leaving Sweden forever. But if I did not do that the Commissary had orders to seize my person and immediately to execute the sentence of banishment by force. Accordingly I went up to the state governor to receive a passport. I was afterwards allowed to remain until the fourth of July, just three months over the time. In the mean time I first made myself ready for going, and then endeavored to make the best of my time in doing what I could by the grace of God in exhorting people to turn to the Lord, and in strengthening and comforting my brethren in the Lord. Finally the clamor of the priests to the magistrate, for permitting me to remain so long, became so great that after three special commands through the officers, with threatenings each time more severe, I thought it neither prudent nor becoming a christian to provoke their anger after they had shown me such indulgence,

The latter part of April I made a tour out in the country, visited my brethren in the different parts where they are scattered about, and administered to them the consolations of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Praise the Lord! some of them are suffering for righteousness sake, the loss of their properties, with insults and threats of banishment; but they seem to suffer with joy, knowing that they have their treasures above and a crown of glory that fadeth not away. In one place that I visited, the people were mostly sailors; the pastor of that parish is a pious and liberal minded man; here I staid several days. Here also I formed a little church. I held meetings and preached every afternoon and evening, to considerable large assemblies; and praise the Lord, they were not altogether in vain, as I on another visit

afterwards, had the joy of seeing two young persons brought to the liberty of the sons of God, and with hearts full of joy related what the Lord had done for their souls, and a third person was brought under deep conviction of sin, who also shows the genuinness of her repentance in the change of her life.

The month of May and June, I in company with my friend Mr. Erickson, labored among the seamen in Gothenburg, and in visiting from house to house, distributing tracts and bibles, and inviting sinners to turn to Christ. We have been allowed to hold our meetings for divine service on Sundays, at my dwelling, without interference from the Police, and without serious disturbances from mobs. Several seamen were prevailed upon to attend those meetings, and I trust to the grace of God, not altogether without profit to some of their souls. A greater number of bibles and tracts have been circulated among seamen in Gothenburg during the months of April, May and June, this year, than during any equal time previous, since I commenced my humble labor among them in this port. The interest for the Bible, and the desire after it among the seamen, has increased every year. What a pity if the work should now cease. I never knew how much the seamen, (though, alas! many still continue in unbelief,) really were interested in the cause that I have been endeavoring, though in great weakness, to advance among them, until now. In conversing with them, I learn it from the warm expressions of both officers and forlorn hands. Some old tars even wept, as if they were to part with their nearest relatives when I told them that it was the last time I visited them, and that I was obliged forever to leave the country. Many who formerly have scoffed at religion, shook my hand with every mark of deep emotion, saying, God bless you; we believe you have wished us well; pray for us, &c.

A captain, who makes no pre-

tentions to piety, but a very sensible man, gave vent to his feelings of indignation against the law which banished people for endeavoring to do good and follow after righteousness. Several enquired whether the Americans would not employ another? I told them I had strong hopes that they would.

I also had the opportunity to congregate numbers of emigrants together, who were on their way to America, detained by waiting for vessels to be ready, which should convey them over the ocean; and have had several opportunities to enforce upon their conscience the necessity of preparing for a more serious journey, in order to reach the happy land of Heavenly Canaan. Tracts were distributed among them, and those who were found without bibles were furnished with the New Testament, and some with the whole Bible, gratuitously.

The 24th of June, I was assembled with the greater part of my beloved brethren and sisters, in the parish of Odensala, where I had the melancholy privilege of seeing them once more in this world, and to take with them a final farewell, until we shall meet in eternal glory. I shall not endeavor to describe this moving and sorrowful transaction. Praise God, we hope to meet again.

On the 4th of July, the day on which, two years ago, I had been arraigned before the bar of the Chapter at Gothenburg, I, together with my wife, left Gothenburg and Sweden, perhaps never to be allowed to tread on its ground—never, legally, to dwell a moment in that land where I was born, and where I have suffered much and enjoyed much in the sweet service of my Lord and Savior. May the Lord bless that land, and have mercy upon its king and all its inhabitants. The day after we arrived safely in Copenhagen, and were affectionately received by Mr. Forster, (an English missionary, who labored in Denmark,) and by the people of God there, with whom, through correspondence, we had long been acquainted.

In Copenhagen I immediately

proceeded to visit the vessels, and to learn where the sailors boarded; I got a small supply of Danish tracts from Mr. Forster, and I had about fifty Danish testaments with me, with which I commenced my labor among the Danish seamen. I have been received among them with every token of good will, and respect. On Sunday I persuaded not a few to follow me to the humble place of worship, in which the people of God are wont to meet to hear the word of God and offer prayers. I was allowed, in my humble way to put forth the mercy of God towards the sinner, through the gospel of Jesus Christ.

On the 19th of July I left Copenhagen for Hamburg; the chief object of the journey was to speak with the Rev. J. G. Oncken, who is agent for the American and Foreign Bible Society, to get from him supplies of Danish Bibles and tracts. I have received from him a lot of good Danish tracts, and a promise of a supply of New Testaments in the Danish language, as Mr. Oncken has a large edition now in press. But bibles I must try to get from Chastiana, in Norway. I have here in Hamburg had the privilege of laboring among seamen; I have, in company with a German Brother, a Seamen's Colporteur, visited vessels down at Altona, and although the Hamburg harbor law prevents the colporteur from bringing books or anything for sale on board of the vessels in the harbor, still we have visited the vessels, and as a number of Swedish, and especially Norwegian vessels, are laying here and at Altona, I have enjoyed the great privilege, which, by the grace of God, is the joy of my heart, to speak to my brother seamen of the love of Him who died for sinners on Calvary, and to exhort them to turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart. Praise the Lord! the sea shall be converted unto Him. May the Lord hasten the joyful day. Amen.

With unfeigned gratitude, love and respect, I remain the American Seamen's Friend Society's humble servant. A. O. NELSON.

LEGACY.—The Legacy announced in the papers as given to the American Seamen's Friend Society, by the late Abm. G. Thompson, Esq. of New York, according to his will is to be "used and applied in the purchase and distribution among sailors, going to sea, of religious books."

Account of Monies.

From Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th, 1851.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. J. J. Abott, by Ladies' Seamen's Friends' Society, and Cong'l Uxbridge Mass. (balance) - \$20 00

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Rev. James H. Dill, by Sewing Soc'y, Winchester Center, Ct. [in part,] 50 00
 Miss Julia Fisher, Westboro, Mass. [in part] 8 00
 Catherine L. Hayt, Fishkill Village, N. Y. by Sam'l A. Hayt, -
 James Young, N. Y., by Reform Dutch Church, Manhattan, N. Y., [balance,] 3 22
 John R. Baker, N. Y., by Ref. Dutch Ch. Manhattan, N. Y., [in part,] - 10 00
 Nathaniel Santell Prentice, Brooklyn, N. Y., by his Father, (amount acknow'd below),
 Mrs. Mary L. Hale, Newbury Port Miss., by a Son, - 20 00
 Rev. Charles D. Back, Peekskill, N. Y., Ref. Dutca Market Street, N. Y., (amount ack'd below)
 Rev. Sam'l Lockwood, Cortland Town, N. Y., (amount ackn'd below)
 Rev. John M. Fernis, Farrytown, N. Y., (amount ackn'd below)
 Rev. Philip Phelps, Hastings, N. Y., [ameunt ackn'd below]
 Rev. James M. Bruen, Clintonville, N. Y., (amount ackn'd below)
 Mrs. Moses Toppan, Newburyport, Mass., by Thomas Hale, N. Y., - 20 00
 Daniel Demarest, by First Reform Dutch Church, Newark, N. Y., - 24 50
 Benjamin C. Miller, by First Reform Dutch Church, N. Y., - 24 50
 Isaac W. Ives, Danbury, Ct., by late Mrs. Isaac Ives,
 Mrs. Mary P. Renner, by Sewing Circle, Derby, Conn. 20 00

Donations.

From Seamen's Friends' Society, Westbrook, Ct. (balance) - 1 50
 " Reformed Dutch Church, Fishkill Village, N. Y., - 44 04
 " Evangelical Church, Upton, Mass. 9 00

" First Presbyterian Church, Newburg, N. Y., - 20 25
 " Howe Street Church, New Haven, Ct., [balance] - 5 00
 " Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., - 234 66
 " Messrs. Olympant & Sons, N. Y., 75 00
 " Reformed Dutch Church, Market Street, N. Y. - 126 74
 " Con'l Church Society, Meredith Bridge, N. H. - 10 06
 " Rev. H. Wood, Ossipee, - 1 00
 " Cong'l Society, Durham, - 4 58
 " L. G., N. Y., - 1 00
 " Rev. W. A. Hawley, Plainfield, Mas. 2 00
 " First Church, Milbury, Mass., 10 00
 " Reformed Dutch Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., (in part,) 15 20
 " Presbyterian Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., (in part,) 68 48
 " Mrs. S. W. Lind, Guayama, W. I. 5 00
 " A Friend, Greenville, Ct., - 10 50
 " Cong'l Soc'y Lebanon, N.H., 17 57
 " Methodist Episcopal Church, Danbury Ct., - 12 00
 " First Cong'l Soc'y, Danbury, Ct., 55 09
 " A Friend in Alburgh, Vt., - 1 00
 " A Lady, New York, - 5 00
 " Cong'l Society, South Dennis, Mass. 9 50
 " Orthodox Church, Franklin, N. H., 8 00
 " Christian Free Gift Society, N. Woburn, Mass. - 3 00
 " Spring Street Church and Society, Taunton, Mass. - 18 00
 " Crombie Street Church and Society, Salem, Mass. - 17 88
 " First Ch. and Soc'y, Danvers, Mass. 12 66
 " Third do. do. do. 11 23
 " Church and Soc'y, Bradford, do. 21 32
 " do. Manchester, do. 15 27
 " do. Marlboro, N. H. 2 50
 " Citizens of St. Thomas W. I. 205 00
 " Captains and Crews attending Worship at St. Thomas, W. I. 57 09
 " Rev. W. G. Ridgely, Washington, D. C. - 1 00

Legacies.

Late Jual Terbell, N. Y., through Executors, - 200 00
 Late Elizabeth Waldo of Worcester, Mass., (in part) balance being in Bonds, Mortgages and Stocks 508 98
 Late Mrs. Isaac Ives of Danbury, Ct. 20 00

Sailor's Home N. Y.

Ladies Benevolent Sewing Society, Kingsboro, N. Y. four striped Shirts.
 A few Ladies in Hartford Ct. sundry Books and Papers, one Quilt, twelve Towels.